

14,494-foot Mount Whitney. "He had all the qualities that go into making a great teacher and guide," one of his supervisors said. "His clients liked him because of his teaching skills and his wonderful companionship."

On January 11, Kent Swanson, Jr. died in a helicopter crash in British Columbia. Typically, Kent was en route to an avalanche rescue class. This young man died as he lived—a hero.

He leaves behind his parents, Kent Sr. and Tricia Swanson; his maternal grandfather, Robert A. Bishton; and host of aunts, uncles, and cousins. He also leaves behind a lot of people who might not be alive today without his heroic efforts. My sympathy goes out to the Swanson family during this sad time. As they mourn his death, I hope they will take pride in his life.

TRIBUTE TO ARTHUR H. BILGER

HON. HENRY A. WAXMAN

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, January 21, 1997

Mr. WAXMAN. Mr. Speaker, I ask my colleagues to join me in recognizing Arthur H. Bilger for his great contributions to the nonprofit House of Justice of Bet Tzedek Legal Services of Los Angeles.

Bet Tzedek Legal Services is one of the leading poverty law centers in the country. Thousands of indigent, elderly, and disabled individuals benefit each year from the free legal services provided at Bet Tzedek's headquarters in the Fairfax District of Los Angeles, the Valley Rights project in North Hollywood, and the 32 senior centers throughout the Los Angeles area. Bet Tzedek is open to all who pass through its doors and even makes house calls to the ill and frail. Its services are vital and they are not otherwise readily available to those who need them.

Arthur H. Bilger has been a constant believer in Bet Tzedek's mission to be a place of refuge and assistance to Los Angeles' most needy residents. As one of the most dedicated and successful fundraisers for Bet Tzedek, his efforts have allowed this generous organization to continue to operate at full capacity while maintaining its promise of services at no cost to its clientele. We owe Arthur H. Bilger a debt of gratitude for his vision, his devotion, and his support of this most worthy cause.

I am delighted to bring Mr. Bilger's tireless and selfless work on behalf of Bet Tzedek Legal Services to the attention of my colleagues and ask you to join me saluting him for his many important contributions.

VISCLOSKY HONORS RESIDENTS OF NORTHWEST INDIANA ON MARTIN LUTHER KING DAY

HON. PETER J. VISCLOSKY

OF INDIANA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, January 21, 1997

Mr. VISCLOSKY. Mr. Speaker, as we celebrate the birth of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. today, and we reflect on his life and work, we are reminded of the challenges that democracy poses to us and the delicacy of liberty.

Dr. King's life, and unfortunately his vicious murder, remind us that we must continually work and, if necessary, fight, to secure and protect our freedoms. Dr. King, in his courage to act, his willingness to meet challenges, and his ability to achieve, embodied all that is good and true in that battle for liberty.

The spirit of Dr. King lives on in many of the citizens in communities throughout our Nation. It lives on in the people whose actions reflect the spirit of resolve and achievement that will help move our country into the future. In particular, I would like to recognize several distinguished individuals from Indiana's First Congressional District, who, in the past year and in their own ways have, have acted with courage, met challenges, and used their abilities to reach goals and enhance their communities.

Mr. Jack Parton, director of the United Steelworkers of America, District 7, Mr. Eric Mason and Mr. Michael Krueger, both graduates of Portage High School, led a prodiversity rally in Portage, IN, last May to peacefully, but forcefully, counter a march by the Ku Klux Klan. Their efforts sent a strong and clear message to members of the KKK, as well as members of our communities and citizens throughout the country, that ethnic, racial, and religious hatred will not be tolerated. The counter-rally that they developed and carried out was an overwhelming success. It generated enormous support from religious, labor, business, and civic groups throughout the region. The courage of these men should be held up as an example to all that, through thoughtful, united action, the values of human rights that we all cherish can—and must—be maintained, even in the face of ignorance and hatred.

I would also like to recognize Janee Bryant, Brandon Crayton, Brandie Frith, LaKisha Girder, Damara Hamlin, Markika Harris, Rasheedah Jackson, Leah Johnson, Jacleen Joiner, Ayashia Muhammad, Clinton Pearson, Kala Simmons, Sheria Smith, David Suggs, DeKeyur Summer, Jennifer Thompson, Stephanie Thompson, Courtney Williams, and Joey Willis.

These outstanding individuals are the members of the Tolleston Junior High School team, which won the Indiana State Bowl Championship in spelling. This wonderful accomplishment is a reflection of their hard work and dedication to study. Their scholastic effort and rigorous approach to learning have made them the best in the State. They have brought pride to themselves, their families, their school, and their communities. Their success is also a credit to the outstanding ability and leadership of their teacher-coaches, Mrs. Margaret Hymes, Mrs. Paula Thompson, Mrs. Sandra V. Alfred, Ms. Dionne Moore, Mrs. Janice L. Williams, and Mrs. Juanita Vincent. The Tolleston students, who won the State Bowl Championship in spelling, as well as their gifted teachers, deserve recognition as true role models in our State.

Though very different in nature, the achievement of all of these individuals reflects many of the same attributes that Dr. King possessed and the values he espoused. Like Dr. King, these individuals saw challenges and rose to the occasion. They had goals and worked to achieve them. Mr. Speaker, I urge you and my other colleagues to join me in commending their initiative, resolve, and dedication.

TRIBUTE TO THE VOLUNTEERS OF TABERNACLE TOWNSHIP

HON. JIM SAXTON

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, January 21, 1997

Mr. SAXTON. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to the residents of Tabernacle Township, NJ at the time of their second annual Tabernacle Volunteer Appreciation Dinner.

It would be difficult to name, in the context of this extension of remarks, all those worthwhile organizations whose members are being honored. That one community supports such a myriad of organizations, which run the gamut from religious, civic, athletic, public safety, educational, community support, and political groups, is testament to its citizens.

On February 2, 1997, special recognition will be given to the Tabernacle Township PTA, Inc. at the time of its 75th anniversary. This association of parents and educators has been active in local schools since 1921. Through its provision of books, school equipment, scholarships, family activities, after-school child care, and summer recreation programs, this organization has proven its worth for three-quarters of a century—quite an achievement.

I extend my congratulations to the PTA's members, past and present, as well as to the many selfless volunteers who will be honored for their commitment to their community.

They deserve our praise and thanks.

HOMELESS IN THE HEART

HON. WALTER H. CAPPS

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, January 21, 1997

Mr. CAPPS. Mr. Speaker, I want to bring to my colleagues' attention an essay written by a constituent of mine that illustrates the best of the human spirit. Torin Rea, his mother, and his younger brother found themselves homeless and living in a shelter in my hometown of Santa Barbara when he was in his teens. But instead of giving up, he and his family worked hard to make a better life for themselves.

Torin's eloquent and moving essay details his struggle of dealing with the horrible toll homelessness can take on a family. But more importantly, he describes how, faced with adversity, a family can pull together and overcome even the toughest times, becoming even closer in the process.

When the word homeless is mentioned, one quickly pictures a poor soul huddled in a box, eating the few scraps of food they can find. Or a person too mentally imbalanced to lead a productive life in society, wandering down the street babbling in words only he or she can understand. In Jo Goodwin Parker's short story, "What is Poverty?", Parker tells her graphic and incisive experience with homelessness. She accounts the times when she had nothing to eat for herself, only her children. The hard nights on the street with the cold biting at her side, with no ability to warm herself, she curls up with her children in a cardboard box. The painful feeling of not being able to feed her children runs deep into the heart. This mother had no means of supporting herself or her children, but she valiantly continues to mother them in the best

way she can. This woman felt so much humility and shame throughout her life, it is amazing she has any courage or strength left at all. Although her account was sad and full of despair, not all stories of homelessness are as shocking. Many families live in the same predicament with shelter. I have been a homeless child who lived in a community shelter. I too have shared the same fear and sadness, the shame of society, and the gained strength of independence from surviving the loss of my home.

My social status throughout my life has never been one of wealth, but far from poverty. My family lived in a beautiful country cottage for twelve years, while raising two boys and launching a prosperous business. We lived the American lifestyle. There was always dinner on the table, and presents under the tree at Christmas. Our needs and wants were always met.

When I was twelve my parents began suffering serious marital distress. Unable to resolve the issues that can sometimes never be resolved, my mother told my father to leave. With no other suitable and stable means of income my mother, brother, and I began to have financial problems. Unable to pay the rent, our landlord promptly served us with an eviction notice. Within thirty days we had nowhere to go, and nobody to turn to; reluctantly my abridged family moved into a nearby motel for a week. I recall that week as one of the most disorienting times in my life. When I came home to our motel room I had no bed to call my own, no kitchen to make myself a snack as we were living out of an ice box, and nothing to call my own anymore, just the bag that I came with. I constantly questioned my mother where we were going to move and she always replied, "I don't know son." Two days before our stay at the motel was up my mother told my brother and I that we were going to move into a family shelter in Santa Barbara. My heart sank into my shoes. Shelters were for people who lived in alleys. Shelters were for the people who had no family. Shelters were for people who had no place to go, and we had nowhere to go. Within two days we had moved our remaining valuable possessions into an eight by ten room. The shelter we moved into had five bedrooms crammed with bunk beds, clothes, and children. Each room housed a mother and her children, and a large restaurant style kitchen which served as our collective eatery. The floors were dirty, the kitchen smelled of rotting vegetables, but I was with my family and we were safe. The first night we were there I tried with all my might to decorate my room as if it were my home, but the walls felt as if they were cardboard, liable to disappear at any moment. I laid in bed that night, struggling with my emotions, and wondering if I would ever have a home again.

The next day while commuting to school, I tried to decide what I would tell my friends. How could I gracefully tell them, most of whom were all wealthy, that I had moved into a homeless shelter? I had never felt so much shame, and I had never felt so small. While my friends were going out to dinner every Friday night, I was at my dirty shelter cooking macaroni and cheese watching my brother and helping him with his homework. I could never leave him alone, or family services would come and take us both away from our mother. While my friends' parents were having dinner parties, my mother was out working extra hours to save for rent, and to put food on the table. Many nights I had to come home from school to baby-sit my brother while my mom was out. This made a social life completely unattainable. We were not allowed any visitors inside the shelter,

so when friends came over, I shamefully told them to wait outside while I grabbed my things. They all asked where I lived and I told them I lived in an apartment complex, ashamed to tell them the truth. I had no extra money to spend on fun, as most of it was used on gas and maintenance on my car to get to school. My whole existence as a carefree teenager became the duty of a father to my brother, a confidant to my mother, and a starving student living in shame of his existence.

As time slowly passed by we became accustomed to the makeshift home we lived in. My mother continued saving money every day to move out, since we were only allowed six months to stay. I continued with school into my senior year, and was doing remarkably well. My brother, who used to be a shut in, began making friends at his new school in Santa Barbara. We trudged through day after day living in the shelter with screaming babies, and beaten wives, finding strength in places we never knew about. I began to cook more often, and enjoyed the simple satisfaction of serving my mother and brother dinner.

My mother became so strong and driven I couldn't help but to admire her courage and her grace in such a time of despair. My own strength grew as well and I began to see that everyone can have happiness if they choose to. I began to love the small family that lived in the shelter; the mothers, the babies, and the bond that we all shared by having nothing but one another. Coming towards the end of the sixth month, my mother found a home. She had finally saved enough money to move and our time in the shelter had come to an end. Six months of struggle, six months of humility, and six months of strength would now send us out into the world. Our dreams still intact, and our happiness soaring, we moved into our first house we could call our own.

Three years later I still look back upon that time in my life and smile. It was then when I truly found my strength and happiness. I had never been so close to my family until everything we had was taken from us. Becoming homeless can be the most horrible and humbling experience in a person's life, but it can also be the most empowering. Homelessness is not always bums on the sidewalk, it can be good decent families that have stumbled into hard times, unable to fight the power of money. My experience of being without a home was the most painful time in my life, but in a way it was the brightest. It was then I found myself and my strength. It was then when I found my family. It was when I had nothing, that I found everything. I will never forget our shelter on De La Vina street, and the person I found there.

Torin Rea is now 21 years old sharing a home in San Diego, CA, and working at one of the highest selling Nordstroms in the country. Last year he was the first 21-year-old ever to achieve the honor of top seller in the region. He is a legend in his own time.

A TRIBUTE TO 'COACH' DISNEY

HON. RANDY "DUKE" CUNNINGHAM

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, January 21, 1997

Mr. CUNNINGHAM. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to Mr. Richard 'Dick' Disney. Coach Disney was a long time teacher,

coach, and friend to thousands of Escondido's children. His life exemplifies the hard work, dedication, and concern for our children that we expect from our Nation's teachers.

I submit for the RECORD the following article which chronicles Mr. Disney's life and achievements.

[From the North County Times, Jan. 15, 1997]
"COACH" DISNEY, 62, DIES AFTER COLLAPSING

(By L. Erik Bratt)

ESCONDIDO.—Richard "Dick" Disney's goals in life, his friends say, were to inspire students through athletics, build their self-esteem and make them realize that teamwork is the key to success.

He was about to bestow an award reflecting those ideals to a student-athlete at Orange Glen High School Monday night, but he never got the chance to do so.

Mr. Disney, 62, collapsed and died just before presenting the award—named after himself—to senior Matt Embrey, the grandson of legendary Escondido High coach Chick Embrey, now retired.

Mr. Disney, a trustee of the Escondido Union High School District and a former longtime coach and teacher at Orange Glen, was taken to Palomar Medical Center after collapsing at 8 p.m. from what his wife, Sharon, said was a major heart attack.

"He was the most wonderful husband in the world," Mrs. Disney said. "He died doing what he loved most, working with kids and trying to help them be the best they can be."

Mr. Disney, known to most Escondido residents simply as "coach," was a Point Loma High graduate. He taught at both San Marcos High and Escondido High before becoming a founding faculty member at Orange Glen when it opened in 1962. He was a physical education teacher, as well as the head football coach and athletic director for several years.

In 1967, he guided the Patriots to an undefeated record and the county championship, said Paul Moyneur, quarterback of that team and now a San Pasqual High teacher.

"I think the thing that stands out about him is that he genuinely enjoyed being around kids," Moyneur said. "He was very fair. He was very good at getting the most out of people."

Mr. Disney retired as head coach in 1972 but continued to serve as an assistant, as well as coach of the freshman team. At one point, he served as an assistant Moyneur, who was head coach from 1976 to 1984.

Mr. Disney's first wife, Sandra, died of cancer in 1980, and he later remarried. He retired as a teacher in 1992. Two years later, he won a seat on the high school board in a landslide. He was an active member, helping solicit campaign donations to get the district's \$43 million general obligation bond passed last June.

"I even called him 'coach' because the way he treated any kind of problem or concern was in a coaching way, never in a confrontational how to play ball with their youngsters so the children would not be ridiculed later in school," Gawronski said.

"He was, and always will be, a coach," said Charlie Snowder, school board president. "That is how he lived his life. He always promoted teamwork and individual excellence in everything he ever did in life."

Besides his wife, Mr. Disney is survived by his father, Richard V. Disney; his stepmother, Gladys Disney; two sons, Doug Disney and Richard Disney; two daughters, Darlene Coughlin and Dee Ann Disney-Jones; a stepdaughter, Wendy Leggett; and a stepson, Matt Wilson.